- - - KANSAS.

JUDGE NOT.

How do we know what hearts have vilest sin?

Many, like sepulchers, are foul within
Whose outward garb is spotless as the snow,
And many may be pure we think not so.
How near to God the soals of such have been,
What mercy seeret penitence may win—
How do we know?

How can we tell who sinned more than we? We think our brother walked guiltily,
Judging him in self-rightcousness. Ah,
web!
Perhaps had we been driven through the

hell
Of his untold temptations, we might be
Less upright in our daily life than he—
How can we tell? Dare we condemn the ills that others do? Dare we condemn?
Their strength is small, their trials not a fer.
The tide of wrong is difficult to stem.
And if to us more clearly than to them.
Is given knowiedge of the good and true,
More do they need our help, and pity, too.
Dare we condemn?

God help us, and lead us day by day.

God help us all!

We cannot walk alone the perfect way.

Evil allures us, tempts us, and we fall!

We are but human, and our power is small;

Not one of us may boast, and not a day

Rolls o'er our heads but each hath need to

God bless us all!

-Augusta (Ga.) Evening News.

IT was thirty years ago, and Miss Hattie, a mite of a baby, when I engaged to be house-keeper to Mrs. Wells, she pretending to be reai delicate, and no more fit to take the charge of her great high house with the six romping children in it than this dear old tabby-cat at my feet would be. And said she, "Mrs. Carter, I shall look to you for having Miss Louise and Miss Augusta get their breakfast reg'lar, time enough for school;" they were the twins, my dear, and don't you think, they were married to brothers on the same identical day when they was old enough, though they fought together every morning of their lives while they was single! But 'twas all made up on the wedding-day, and I must say I was glad, for to see one sister against the other, and they the elders, it was what no one could abide, and I least of ail! "And you must keep Wells Francis," says she, "from getting out on the roof!" That was an idea, Mrs. Tomkins, that puzzled me, that notion of tacking on the child's last name to the front, like a train engine with cars at both ends. They do say that the cars help to pull the line along, and maybe she thought the boy would get through life better if things were fixed so that there was no mistake about the surname. Oh, it's a queer world, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, and if I were you, I wouldn't take much comfort out of that gay bonnet of yours, for the Bible says "all is vanity" and "pride goes before a fall." You don't think so, my dear, but I feel it my duty to speak against pride when I see it. This silk dress that I'm sitting in this minute would not be on my back if I hadn't known that you were coming to have a cup of tea with me the night, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, but I knew well enough what *he meant to say. "And if you give an eye to Mr. Wells's dinner, and see to the mending, and help with the children, and take charge of the store-room, and get me a few things now and then," says she, "why I'll attend to Baby myself; and nobody could ask anything more reasonable, I'm sure; They did have lots of com MISS HATTIE. Wellses! There was Miss Florrie Warburton, that I remember just as if 't were my own sister, past thirty she was, but the gayest of the gay, and not exactly pretty either; sort of bright and dashing, and trying to earry everything before her where the men were concerned. She sang a little and played a little, just like other folks, but the people that listened made out that there never had been such music since the time the world started. She dressed well and was as free with her tongue as you please. She would come into my room (I did have a room to myself, Mrs. Tomkins, though you look as if you could't believe it, and it don't surprise me) and take a chair as agreeable as possible, and look about her with concern. "Dear me, Mrs. Carchair as agreeable as possible, and look about her with concern. "Dear me, Mrs. Carter," she would say, "you might have things made much more comfortable for you, I'm sure; it's a positive shame Mrs. Wells doesn't know your value better," and she'd run on in that style till I'd be real confused, and I'd deelsre I needed nothing. Then run on in that style till I'd be real confused, and I'd declare I needed nothing. Then she'd say "Good-by" as sweetly as if she were a saint, and the next day reg'larly Mrs. Wells would send for me. "Why, how is this, Mrs. Carter?" she would ask, in her weakest tones, "you have been complaining again, and what about I can't imagine. If you're not satisfied why don't you tell me, instead of troubling that sweet, good-hearted Miss Warburton with your fancies? No, no, don't speak," she would cry, when I'd try to explain; "if it wasn't that I know you'd never get so good a place anywhere sed Miss Warburton with your fancies? No, no, don't speak," she would cry, when you or come come is explain; "iff it wasn't that I know you'd never get so good a place anywhere else, Pd send you off to-morrow. Some people never know when they're well treated. Now go, for I've a dreadful headache." The first time this happened, I insisted, respectfully of course, on hearing what Miss Warburton had said. "She told me," said Mrs. Wells, "how you begged and prayed of her to take you into her service, complaining that you were shamefully neglected here!" At this I suppose my face frighten dher, for she motioned me out of the room with, "If this occurs again, off you will go!" It did happen again, many a time, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, but bless you, she couldn't spare me. I was her very right hand, though I says it that shouldn't! And you think I'm never going to tell you what Miss Hattie has done? That shows how much people can be mistaken in this world, my dear, for I'm certainly getting to it fast.

Since dear Wilson died and I've been left to much alone. I get to thinking about those old times a good deal. Well, you never saw such a limb as that young one! Her misselief and spitefulness—she had liked to have to leave their ribbons or a handsome book within her reach, for she'd tie the first round the cat's neck till she nearly strangled, and tear up the other page by page. Miss Lonies never went out without the key of Lonies never went out without the key of you'd never get so good a place anywhere else, Pd send you off to-morrow. Some people never know when they're well treat-ed. Now go, for I've a dreadful headache." ed. Now go, for I've a dreadful neadache.
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Since dear Wilson died and I've been left so much alone. I get to thinking about those old times a good deal. Well, you never saw such a limb as that young one! Her mischief and spitefulness—she had liked to have torn my heart out. The twins didn't dare to leave their ribbons or a handsome book within her reach, for she'd tie the first round the cat's neck till she nearly strangled, and tear up the other page by page. Miss Louise never went out without the key of the piano in her pocket, for often and often I saw her steal into the parlor and shut it down on the sly. Mrs. Wells used to make a great fuss over it and tell Miss Lulu to bring the key' to her, but some way her daughter was like herself, with a bad memory, and Miss Hattie never got to play on these keys till she was fifteen if she was a day. I used to be giad the cross little thing was kept from breaking every string, for she'd have stopped at nothing. And pretty was no word for her! She hadn't the beauty he'd have stopped at nothing. And pretty was no word for her! She hadn't the beauty

couldn't refuse. I recollect she did stop away several times one month, saying that her aunt needed her. But Mrs. Wells got Mr. Wells to write a letter to Miss Sander-Mr. Wells to write a letter to Miss Sanderson, quite cross, saying that she oughtn't to neglects her guardian and his family, so I guess she knew she was obliged to come. They were talking about it hot and heavy one morning when I was in the room mending a dress for Mrs. Wells togo out in; if Pd a been in the young lady's piace I wouldn't have wanted to come; everybody but Master Frank imposed on her, and the tricks Miss Hattie used to play on that sweet young lady, I'd like to have shaken her for, I would. It was "Carrie" here and "Carrie" there till I bestirred myself sometimes to run up and down for her, for she wasn't over strong, and Mrs. Wells thought nobody but herself had a right to be weak.

Miss Caroline had a fair face, with straight features, and brown eyes with the expres-

Miss Caroline had a fair face, with straight features, and brown eyes with the expression of a saint. The gentlemen that used to come to the house, after the twins was married and Miss Jenny off with one of them to Europe, set great store by Miss Caroline, and that did make Miss Hattie mad. She was seventeen then, about the same age with Miss Carrie, and much richer than the other young lady, so she was beat on being married first. There was one gentleman (and a generous gentleman he was too, as I've good cause to know, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear), that was mighty fond of Miss Carrie. It was about that time that poor Wilson was courting me, my dear; so natural-like I took a great interest in Miss Caroline's affair, and did what I could for Mr. Batchellor; that was his name, and a very bad one, too, it was for a nice-spoken man that wanted to marry. Mrs. Wells was round a good bit herself, my dear, pushing her own daughter forward, as you may helieve. There to marry. Mrs. Wells was round a good bit herself, my dear, pushing her own daughter forward, as you may believe. There were several times when Miss Carrie was at our house Mr. Batchellor fixed to take her to some entertainment, and onc: he got his way; the second time Mrs. Wells had one of her dangerous headaches, as she liked to call them, when she would deelare that if Miss Carrie didn't sit by and fan her she would go out of her mind. You see it was easy for Miss Hattie to say that her mother thought Miss Sanderson the best nurse of the two, and hint to Mr. Batchellor that there weren't no need to throw away the ticket to the and first to Mr. Batchellor that there weren't no need to throw away the ticket to the theater. And he was taken in? The best of them is so stupid sometimes, my dear. That spiteful girl actually gave him to un-derstand that Miss Carrie didn't like him. derstand that Miss Carrie didn't like him. Now when he comes to me for help I savs to him, "Mr. Batchellor," I says, 'you're a fool," I says. Not right straight up and down, you know, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear! Land alive I didn't dare! Not but as being housekeeper I ain't above the cook and such like in position, you know; but still he was a real gentleman out and out, and I was one as always knew my place, which I am sorry to sav. Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, there's as always knew my place, which I am sorry to say, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, there's many a girl now that doesn't. But I give him to understand that Miss Hattie wasn't worth the other one, take her twice over! Do you think I could put what I knew into his head? "Why, it's you, Mrs. Carter," save he, smiling pleasantly, "asis mistaken. Miss Wells is doing her best to persuade Miss Sanderson (I wish you could have heard how he spoke that name, it did my heart good, I tell you) to—to—like me." And he blushed, honor-bright, my dear; he went the color of the fire there. But if I didn't fly off the next minute when he dear; he went the color of the fire there. But if I didn't fly off the next minute when he says as calm as possible, "I have a great many good friends, Mrs. Carter," says he; "last night Miss Warburton showed me, real delicate-like," says he, "that she knew what was going on, and would de all in her power to help me." "She did!" I cries out, quite forgetful of myself, for once; and jumping up to put more wood in my stove, "she did!" For, you see, none better than myself knew the slyness of that young lady; and as for lies, my dear, they were no more to her than the very air she breathed. The others, some of them, were bad enough for deceit, but she did beat all!

Mr. Batchellor looked surprised first and

tie, quite crossly; "don't you know bette than that, mamma, and Carrie with us? And she winked very slyly, but I saw he plain enough. "There's no use," says she scowling, "for Mrs. Carter to go; the weath er ain't cold and I don't want my shawi. "Mrs. Carter will go," says Mrs. Wells. in her most settled way, "I wish it." And when it come to that tone, Miss Hattle didn't dare to say "beans!" You see Mrs. Wells knew what kind of a girl she had been her-self, and she didn't trust any of them very

was no word for her! She hadn't the beauty to please me, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, but I must say people called her raving handsome, with her large black eyes, and cheeks the color of a peach. Such a complexion to go with such badness, I never did see. I used to feel sorry for Miss Sanderson, I com tell you. She was Mr. Wells's ward, and a sorry time of it she had with Miss Harriet, my dear. She didn't live with her guardian, for she was with a favorite aunt, to take care of her, but whenever Mrs. Wells wanted some extra help of a light kind without paying for it, she would send for Miss Sanderson to spend the day. It was put so innocent and polite (I know, for Mrs. Wells often got me to write the notes) that the voung lady most generally Miss Carrie that night, I'll be bound. It was a thin blue dress that she had on, with

elegant and becoming; and I don't say but what she did look handsome in it, with three what she did look handsome in it, with three big scarlet roses at one side, and a white bonnet that set off her dark hair. And wha did Miss Warburton wear, you want to know? I declares I just don't remember at this moment, but she was got up fine, you may be sure, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear. Mrs. Wells didn't want Miss Hattie to wear that Wells didn't want Miss Hattie to wear that white dress, for she said it was too showy-like to go out in; but the young lady only laughed and ran out of the room, calling to me that she was ready. At last we set off, and Mr. Batchellor gave his arm to Miss Carrie, saying that she was the first invited and making his excuses to the others. Miss Hattle's eyes blazed up, and for the first time that night I knew she meant mischief. Well, we hadn't gone very far, both Miss Florrie and Miss Ha'tie as ::.ad as hops, when suddenly Miss Carrie tripped, and though she had Mr. Batchellor's arm, and to this day I don't see how he come to let her fall, down she went all in the soft mud. I was that frightened I could hardly speak, and Mr. Batchellor was stooping over her with the Batchellor was stooping over her with the greatest anxietey to know if she were hurt. We helped the dear lamb up, and she wasn't injured a mite, only her dress was covered with mud, and she had to drop behind a little bit with me to have it brushed off with my whisk that I had the sense never to go without. That was the moment, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, for when I put that brush away Miss Hattie had Mr. Batchellor's arm and wouldn't let it go, for when Miss Carrie joined them she says, much more sweetly than usual, "You don't mind my taking your place, Carrie, do you? I feel strangely itred, and Mr. Batchellor is kind enough to assist me." Her tone was polite enough, and it must have been something in the words that made Miss Sanderson flush all up and say, "Certainly not." and then step back to me, for walk with Miss Florrie of her own accord she would not. I did pity Mr. Batchellor, for what could the poor man do, saddied with that young imp, unless he affronted her out and out; and he didn't dare do that, I knew, for at whose house could he see Miss Carrie if not at hers? So he swallows his disappointment as well as he could, and Miss Warburton jogs alongside of Miss Hattie, and we could hear them tiking for dear life. I looked at Miss Carrie and wanted to say something to her, but she seemed sort of strange with her lips tight closed and a strained expression in hereyes, and I couldn't breathe Mr. Batchellor's name to her to save my life. Well, it was a long moonlight walk, but at last we come to the church, and from Miss Hattie's voice you wouldn't have guessed there was much trie about her. I did think there was very little light about the piace for a concert, but we never suspected anything till we stepped inside (for the door was open), and only saw two men in the building. "Why, what is this?" says Mr. Batchellor, looking very much astonished and walking up to the older of the two men. "I thought there was to be a concert here to-night. Am I mistaken?" says the other, and for her will the pleasure of spea

and as for lies, my dear, they were no more to her than the very air she breathed. The others, some of them, were bad enough for deceit, but she did beat all:

Mr. Batchellor looked surprised first and then gave, and then he says, "it seems to me you haven't a good opinion of anybody, Mrs. Carter," very sorrowfully indeed. "Stop," says 1; "you just begin to talk about Mise Carrie," says 1; "and you'll see who I think well of," says 1. "Am you'll see who I think well of," says 1. "Am you'll see who I think well of," says 1. "Am you'll see who I think well of," says 1. "Br mot blind nor deaf, nor crazy neither, thank the Lord," says 1, "and if you don't get Miss Carrie," says 1, "and if you don't get Miss Carrie," says 1, "and if you don't get Miss Carrie," says 1, "and if you don't get Miss Carrie, and I'm much obliged to you. Don't forget me."

And with that he slips a heavy reminder into my hand and walks away. I used to be alraid that the servants would notice him talking to me, but he was very careful about the works after that, Mrs.

Well, you some weeks after that, Mrs.

Well, or some weeks after that, Mrs.

Wells and Miss Warburton was as thick as you can think, and Miss Florrie, it was settled, was to keep Mr. Batchellor forward and says to the plan, my dear, but do you fangy Miss Warburton was as thick as you can think, and Miss Florrie, it was settled, was to keep Mr. Batchellor forward and says to the plan, my dear, but do you fangy from Miss Carrie and push him onto Miss Hattie was settled, was to keep Mr. Batchellor forward and sayed here with the plan, my dear, but do you fangy from Miss Carrie and push him onto Miss Garrie and push him onto Miss Carrie and push him onto Miss Torout on the more many to the plan, my dear, but do you fangy from Miss Carrie and push Hattle was marrying him for the money and nothing more. But neither of these facts would have been of much use, so Dr. Graham finished the service and they were man and wife! The coolness of that young wretch! When it came to the time for the ring, she pulled one off her finger, a plain gold band that had belonged to her mother, Mr. Batchellor was obliged to put it on the proper finger! I had seen Miss Hattle, when we first came into the church, take off her red roses and pretend to fix them over. her red roses and pretend to fix them over, but when I come to look at her after the cer-

but when I come to look at her after the cer-emony she hadn't a bit of color near her, and it's likely that what with the white dress and the white bonnet the minister thought the marriage had been arranged between the two all along, and that the couple had intended staying after the concert to be joined together. intended staying after the concert to be joined together.

Well, the last blessing had hardly been said when down come the others, and Miss Hattle—I mean Mrs. Batchellor, bad luck to her—made one rush for them before I had time to warn Miss Carrie. "Wish me joy, wish me joy this minute! I'm married, I'm married!" Miss Carrie looked turned to stone, and I drew her to a seat to try and hide her faintness. I believe her silence was the first sign that let Dr. Graham know for certain that the wedding was unexpected to Mr. Batchellor, for when Miss Hattle's busband saw how Miss Carrie looked he sort of groaned and said, "What have I done!" very low. Miss Hattle heard him, but she wouldn't notice but went on chattering to Miss Florrie, and laughing a good deal when Miss Florrie, and laughing a good deal when Miss Florrie, and laughing a good deal when Miss Florrie had been in the secret all along, and had really kept her promise to help Miss Hattle all she could, and I can tell you I just wanted to choke her, I did! It was all along of her Miss Carrie was dragged up-stairs. I never, no never, did feel so outrageous in all my days; and I do to this moment when I remember Miss Carrie's expression and Mr. Batchellor's white face, when their glances come across one another.

Well, Dr. Graham, he seemed to get more scared, and he spoke most solemn-like to the bridsgroom, and began asking a great many question which he ought to have put before he married the two; but Mr. Batchellor, he pretended to be very happy and satisfied and all that, and began to hurry the party away. I did think *that Miss Sanders n would never have strength to walk, she seemed to have lost the power of her limbs;

and I wasn't a mite sorry when Mr. Batchelor whispered to me that I was to get a carriage and take Miss Florrie and Miss Sanderson home with me, and then slipped the fare into my hand. He told me to do the best I could for him and his wife (he said the word, Mrs. Tomkins, my dear, looking like deathail the while) with her family, and I had to promise I would, though not overjoyed, for though the Wellses were wild for her to marry Mr. Batchellor, they had no notion nor wish for anything but a reg'lar grand wedding, with Mr. Batchellor to pay most of the bills! Then he shook my hand and bade us all good-by; that is, all but Miss Carrie, for with all his spirit, he hadn't the face to speak to her separately. Then he put Miss Hattle into a carriage, and she leaned out of the window to see us as long as possible. She made believe she wanted to hurry her husband off, because she couldn't live if he spoke to anybody else; if he had handed over his entire fortune to her that instant, I doubt but she'd a shown him some of her fine tantrums pretty quick. She could have done without him easier than without fine clothes, I'll warrant.

Miss Carrie, when we got her in a carriage, she kept up splendid and tried to look civil when Miss Warburton bragged about her knowing of it all along. And I just says, "Then you've no call to boast, Miss Warburton, no more you haven't, of fixing up the most disgraceful affair in town," I says, "And you know well enough what I mean," I says, getting sharper and sharper, and says I, "I'll be a living reproach to you forever and ever!" I says. Then don't you think that humbug of a Miss Florrie burst out crying, and she let the tears roll down so sincere-looking that anybody but me would have been taken in. When we got home Mrs. Wells she went off into real, violent hysteries, and Mr. Wells he weren't much better. I didn't see Miss Carrie again that night, and the talk they made was wonderful. You may be certain I got my walking-ticket, for the couldn't stand having anybody around to put them i

A. Singular Disease-Blood-sweating

A CASE for the consideration of a

clinic of first-class medical talents, says

the Chicago Inter-Ocean, was yesterday developed on the West Side by a curiosity loving reporter. It is a genuine case of "blood-sweat," called in the medical annals purpura homorrhagia Willie Crawford, an interesting boy, fourteen years of age, the son of Capt. William Crawford, well known as the master of the tug Crawford, is the victim of this strange disarrangement of the physical functions. The family reside at No. 86 Seely Avenue, and consists of Capt. Crawford, his wife and three young daughters, and the afflicted boy Willie. All of the family except the one invalid are pictures of perfect health. The boy was born December 1, 1866, and up to seven years are was as healthy and up to seven years ago was as healthy as his sisters now are. One night he woke up and called his mother, who found him bleeding at the nose. The flow of blood was profuse, and could not be checked by the ordinary means, so a physician was called. The doctor pronounced it a case of "nose-bleed," said the application of a key or some cold substance to the back would stop The means suggested were tried without avail. Another physician was called and the nose-bleeding was stopped, and there then came out on the boy's body large black patches, and blood exuded from them. Blood also flowed from his stomach and kidneys. The boy eventually recovered from the first attack, but others soon followed, and he was constantly under the care of physicians. During the parts of the afflicted boy's body, and large blotches or patches of black, blue and red appeared all over his perand also from the pores of his skin all over the surface of the body. Small drops came out and completely saturated the boy's clothing, his blood became thin and watery, and he was nearly exhausted. Three weeks ago yester-day he was taken with the most serious attack of any. The gums, mouth and tongue were covered with blood blisters; the whites of the eyes were bloodshot, and fears of the patient's death were en-tertained. The boy states that he always has a cold or fever just before the attack of bleeding comes on. Some-times sudden revulsion of feeling or excitement brings them on. Once when he was on his father's tug, and there was danger of collision, he began to bleed. Another time he had an alarming attack, and his mother went for the ing attack, and his mother went for the doctor, and while she was gone the hired girl fainted, and, the boy becoming somewhat frightened, the bleeding stopped. The boy is very intelligent, and, when not disfigured by the disease was read-labeliant. intelligent, and, when not disfigured by the disease, very good-looking, his skin being fair and apparently as healthy as the cuticle of any ordinary person. The singular case has received the attention and treatment of a large number of physicians, who have tried various sys-tems of treatment but with tems of treatment, but with no perma nent success. Various medical works, as well as the writings of Theophrastus and Aristotle and other philosophers, contain mention of human beings who have undergone "blood sweatings." Most of the cases chronicled were ca by strong mental excitement, such as the case of a Parisian convict, who, on hearing that the death sentence had hearing that the death sentence had been passed upon him, broke out into a bloody sweat. The name purpura hamorrhogus is applied to the disease by the modern disciples of Galen. Dr. W. H. Burt, who has treated the patient in the last attack, says the medical name of the ailment implies a primary disease. of the ailment implies a primary disease of the blood-vessels of their walls, and that in their present case it is a disease of both. The doctor has effected a temporary cure by administering secale and phosphorus in homeopathic doses. He can not predict when his patient will have another attack, and hopes he will

eventually outgrow the disease. GEN. W. W. WOODFOLK, who served in the Florida and other Indian wars. in the Florida and other Indian wars, died in Nashville the other day, aged eighty-one years. He was the richest man in Tennessee at the breaking out of the war, his property consisting of plantations, slaves, and blooded horses of national fame, but at the time of his death he was comparatively noor. death he was comparatively poor.

GENERAL.

LETTER postage in Italy has been reduced from four to two cents.

A PETITION for the appointment of a voman on the police force is circulated

THE keeping of New York City's pan-pers, lunstics and criminals cost \$1,348,-383 the past year.

MRS. HELEN E. CUNNINGHAM, of Elmira, N. Y., has recovered \$700 from a liquor firm, the complaint being an injury to means of support in consequence of liquor sold her husband.

MRS. HAYES will present to the Presi-lent-elect and Mrs. Garfield an elegant sideboard and extension table for the family dining-room. They are of solid mahogany, carved by an artist in Cincinnati. There are eagles, flowers, ferns, and leaves of exquisite workman-

IF Benjamin Franklin could look or for five minutes at the New York Postfor five minutes at the New York Postoffice, says the Commercial of that city,
and see the wagons that go and come
with the mails, he would probably recall
the time when, in 1754, he took the entire mail for New York and Boston from
the royal Post-office in Philadelphia in
the top of his broad-brimmed hat, and
carried it to the ferry at the Deleware,
because the carrier couldn't come because the carrier couldn't come around on account of the deep snow.

THE English guinea was so called be-cause the gold of which it was first made was brought from Guinea by an African trading company. Originally it was intended that the guinea should be worth 20s., but owing to a number of errors in calculating the proportion of the value of gold and silver, it never circulated at that value. Sir Isaac Newton fixed the true value of the guinea, in relation to silver, at 20s. 8d., and by his advice the Crown preclaimed that in future it should be current at 21s.

A ROUGH estimate of the extent of the trade in wild game of St. Louis for the past year places the total amount of transactions at \$1,000,000. A single firm have exported for the holiday sea-son to the London markets 1,400 dozen quail, 1,400 dozen prairie chickens, and 500 dozen wild turkeys; and to the Liv-erpool merchants, 2,000 wild turkeys. There is more Missouri venison this year in market than was ever before known. Bear-meat comes chiefly from Arkansas, antelopes from the far West, the borders of Kansas and Colorado, and deer is quite plenty throughout Missouri.

MR. SILVER, a well-known inventor of Lewiston, Maine, for several months has eaten but one meal a day, and that sbout 10 o'clock in the evening, imme diately before retiring. He works ten hours a day, as a machinist, without eating or drinking anything. Instead of pining away, Mr. Silver has gained thirty-five pounds in flesh. He is not hungry until bedtime. All the fluids his stomach receives are from the fruit his stomach receives are from the fruit and vegetables which make up most of his food. He eats no meat, as he be-lieves that animal food is "animalizing," living mainly on oatmeal and Graham bread, without salt, but eating apples, grapes, and other fruits liber-

SAMESCHIMA, the Japanese Ambas-sador to France, has just died in Paris of pulmonary consumption. He looked almost boyish although approaching middle age. His manners were amia-ble, and his and Madame Sameschima's receptions were a pleasant winter feat-ure of Parisian society. In his later receptions his own countrymen were numerous, but though Madame Sameschima appeared, they did not bring their wives. The body of the Ambassador was shown to a few friends in sitting position, and propped up with pillows, as it was when, gasping for breath, he died, and there was in the mortuary chambers a service according to the Buddhist ritual, which Buddhists only were invited to attend.

The Dread Diphtheria.

THE Governor of Kharkoff, a Russian province, reports that during the year 1879 the number of deaths from diphtheria alone was 7,000, and for the first ten months of 1880 no less than 5,500 inhabitants have succumbed to the dreaded disorder. This would be a frightful statement for the great State of New York, but the entire province does not contain a population greater than 1,750,000. The death rate, therefore, 1 om diphtheria is shockingly high.

The report is suggestive of several important inferences which may be turned to account for our especial advantage. In the first place, the morciusively diminishes, if nothing else had done so, the theory that diphtheria is due to sewer-gas. The capital of the province, of the same name, is a manufacturing town of about the size of Syracuse, in this State. Not being situated in a particularly progressive country, it may be taken for granted that the sewer-gas factory—namely, the sewerage system of Kharkoff—is exceedingly minute. The Russian does not trouble himself very much with sewers, even in aristocratic Moscow or imperial St.
Petersburg. In the province at large,
among a rude agricultural peasantry,
the sewer is probably unknown. In other provinces the conditions are about the same. And yet, in this one in par-ticular, diphtheria has become epidemic, carrying off some 13,000 inhabitants in two years. There is only one con-clusion to be drawn by common sense from this presentment of facts—namely, that sewer-gas has nothing whatever to do with diphtheria.

But the fact that the disease has raged through the Empire of the Czar for years does point to one very important fact, namely, that Russia is either the starting point of the disease or else that it lies very close to the starting point. It is admitted that while the disease may be endemic, that is, find a lodgment more or less permanent, it is in general epidemic, as is shown during the present season. It has followed a steady course so far this winter that it has swept over this continent, until the cities of the West and South have been overthe west and south have been over-taken by it. In this respect it resembles two other pestilence, Asiatic cholers and the plague, or black death, whose movements have been well defined. Careful observation has shown that buth

plains of the Ganges, and the plague in the southern regions of Central Asia. It is something more than an assump-tion that diphtheria follows the same law, and that, while it is a constant element in Russia, circumstances favor-able to its development cause it to over-leap its ordinary boundaries and travel westward. About a year ago, when the Russians of Kharkoff were dying by the thousand, other provinces were even thousand, other provinces were even more grievously affected. It will be remembered that such was the terror inspired by the pestilence that the inhabitants of one province in particular ways fiving in every direction, carrying were flying in every direction, carrying the seeds of diphtheria with them. The imperial government was alarmed. It saw the necessity for checking this flight, and a cordon of eighty thousand troops was formed around the center of the disorder. By this means it was conthe disorder. By this means it was con-fined within certain limits, and thither were sent forces of medical practitioners were sent forces of medical practitioners from Russia, France, Germany, and England. But it was clearly impossible that governmental vigilance could be permanently and altogether effective. The disease spread, and the germs of it were carried by the dirty Russ in his clothing and household effects. During the past year emigration from Russia has been extensive. The records show that the population of this country has received considerable accession from the arrival of Russian immigrants, who come in batches, like the Mennonites, and in families, like the Germans. It is only too likely that our present visitation and in families, like the Germans. It is only too likely that our present visitation is due to the release of the diphtheria germ from its hiding-place in the chests and baggage of Russians arriving in this country. It has been latent in their warm winter clothing all summer and has infected the air when the approach of cold weather has brought their winter garments into use. If this is the case, then the course of the quarantine authorities seems clear. A glance at the medical returns will show whether the local facts correspond with this theory. local facts correspond with this theory. If they do, it will be a simple precaution to require the immediate disinfection of all baggage arriving by steerage with chlorine gas upon the instant of landing. Experience has demonstrated that chlorine is the immediate antidote to septic poisons, and it is as cheap as it is effective. We call the attention of the State medical authorities to this point, and suggest reports bearing upon it be secured at once from all quarters in which diphtheria has appeared.—Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle.

Troubles About Wills.

THE law in regard to wills is such that many persons die believing they have made a certain disposition of their prop-erty, when, in reality, owing to the testator's carelessness, or ignorance, or both, the estate is not so disposed of. A case in a neighboring town illustrates

this idea:
An elderly woman made a will, leaving her property, amounting to about \$6,000, to two nephews. Five years later—some time last summer—she made a second will, giving the property chiefly to a niece. In November she died. But the last will can not be found. The man who drew up the document, a local Justice, who has done something at such work, says he drew the second at such work, says he drew the second will last summer; that the woman duly signed it; that it was legally witnessed (and the other two witnesses are living, in the same town) and, that he left it, together with the first will, on a table in the room where the testatrix sat. He further testifies that she asked him what she should do with the first will, and that he told her to burn it up. It is surmised that she, by mistake, burned the second will and left the first.

The house has been ransacked from cellar to garret, and every cupboard, bureau and drawer searched to find the econd will, but without avail. matter was referred to the local Probate Judge. He decided promptly that the making of a second will destroyed the valdity of the first. Then the the case. with a copy of the first will, was submit-ted to Judge White, of the Hartford Probate Office, who promptly confirmed the first decision.

Inssmuch as the the testimony of the witnesses to the second will will be rewitnesses to the second will will be regarded in law as conclusive of the fact that such a document was actually drawn up and legally signed, and that it legally destroys the first will, the practical result will be, since will No. 2 can not be found, that the estate will have be divided between the heir search. now be divided between the heirs according to the law governing intestate estates—in this case three in number.— Hartford Times.

A Jury of One.

ALTHOUGH it is almost the universal custom in the trial of jury cases in the State Courts to follow the old beaten track of leaving the case to the arbitration of "twelve good men and true," this course is not always followed. It not infrequently happens that through the illness of a juror or from some other cause a trial is had before the remaining eleven jurors. Very rarely, however, is a jury narrowed down to a single juror, as was the case in a trial the oth as was the case in a trial the other day before Judge Van Brunt, of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1877 a number of clerks were dismissed from the Fire De-partment. A final determination of the Court of Appeals, at which tribunal the cases were finally heard, decided that the employees in question had been im-properly removed from their respective positions and that they must be restored to their deaks. During the litigation the to their desks. During the litigation the discharged clerks were out of employ-ment for six months. Suits were brought ment for six months. Suits were by or employ-ment for six months. Suits were brought for their salaries against the city, as they were unable to find other employment from the time they were dismissed until reappointed. The last of the cases was tried yesterday before Judge Van Brunt and one juror by consent of counsel. Mr. Boswell D. Hatch appeared as counsel for the plaintiffs, and Messrs. E. H. Lacombe and Cole for the city. The one juror heroically gave his verdict for the plaintiffs, as instructed by Judge Van Brunt. It was not considered necessary for one juror to retira to the jury-room. for one juror to retire to the jury-room

"A jury of one," remarked a lawyer,
"has one advantage—it can't disagree."
"And it is a great saving in the way
of jury fees," another said. "The only
wonder is that such trials are not more

have their origin in Asia, cholera rising that this can be done," observed yet ancertain periods along the low, steamy other.—N. Y. Heraki.